

Vol 2
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The Wanton Wife of Castle-Gate:

Or, The Boat-mans Delight.

To its own proper New Tune.



Farewel both Hawk and Hound,
farewel both Shaft and Bow:
Farewel all merry pastimes
and pleasures on a row:
Farewel my best Beloved
in whom I put my trust.
For it's neither gyle nor sorrow
shall harbour in my breast.

When I was in my prime
and in my youthful days,
Much mirth and merry pastime
and pleasure had always:
But now my mind is changed,
and aler'd by thy loss,
Because my best Beloved
will scarce see a more.

I lov'd her, and I prob'd her,
and I call'd her my dear;
But alas my beloved
would not let me come near:
I often would have kiss'd her,
but she always said me nay.
More as ten times have I bless'd her
since that she went away.

Clinkers they are Drunkards,
and Basons they are blind,
And Boat-men they make Cuckolds,
because they'r used kind.
But if you meet a bonny Wals
with black and rolling eyes,
you must kiss her and embrace her,
you may know the reason why.

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But now my mind is changed,
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Because my best Beloved
will scarce me any more.

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But if you meet a bonny Wals
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you must kiss her and embrace her,
you may know the reason why.



You must hug her and kiss her
and strive to make her yield,
For a faint-hearted Soldier
did never gain the field.
So strive to lay her down there
and give the thing you know,
And when that she receives it,
We'll be loath to let you go.

There lives a Wife in Castle Gate,
but I'll not declare her name;
She is both brisk and buxome,
and fitted for the Game;
She can knit it, she can trip it,
as she treads along the Plain;
Will she meet some jolly Boat-man
that will turn her back again.

Her Husband is a quiet man,
and an honest man is he;
And for to wear the Hoys he
contented he must be:
He may wind them at his leisure
and do the best he can,
For his Wife will have her pleasure
with a jolly Boat-man.

At Pomfret Clock and Tower
there's Gold and Silver store;
I hope therefore to find her,
and then brave boys we'll roze.

Printed for Alex. Milbourn, W. Onely, T. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane.

We'll drink Sherry and be merry,
we'll have beer and ale good store,
And drink to my Lads and thy Lads,
and all good Lasses more.

My love she is a fair one,
and a bonny one is she:
Most dearly do I love her,
her name is Mally.

Her Cheeks are like the Roses,
that blossoms fresh in June;
She's like some new-strung Instru-
ment that's newly put in tune. (men)

O my Mally, my honey,
O can thou fancy me?
Then let us to bed haste,
where we will merry be.
For good Gold and Silver
for thee I'll take care,
And for a large pair of Hoys
for thy Husband to wear.

You young men and Batchelors
that hears this pious Jest,
Be not of the Opinion
this couple did profess;
But be kind to your wives,
and your sweet-hearts all ways;
And God will protect you
by night and by day.